

25 MY ONLY 25

JO AN DEARIE O.

To which are added,

POLL & PARTNER JO.
BLYTHE WAS SHE.

TOW DY RO DOW.



Stirling, Printed by C. Randall

MY ONLY DEARIE O.

THY cheeks are o' the roses hue,
 My only jo an' dearie O.
 Thy neck is like the siller dew,
 Upon the bank sae brierie O:
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee,
 Na' joy, nae ple-sure blicks on me,
 My only jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
 Its sang o' joy an' cheerie O,
 Re-joicing in the summer morn,
 Nae care to wark it eene O:
 But little knows the langher sweet,
 Aught o' the care I bear to meet,
 That gets my restles bairn to heat,
 My only jo and dearie O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin bonnie O,
 Aft we wad daff the leelang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie O,
 Aft I would chace thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thornie tree,
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tiae,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O,
 I wish that thou wert ever mine,
 An' never mair to leave me O;
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nor ither war'ly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forget to play,
 My only jo and dearie O.

MY POLL AND PARTNER JOE

I Was d'ye see a waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any,

Twixt Richmond town,
And Horsley down,
I earn'd an honest penny:
None could of fortune's favors brag,
More than could lucky I;
My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag;
My grunter in the sty,
With wherry tight,
And bosom light,
I cheerfully did row?
And to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife,
Like my Poll, and my Partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these a while,
Folks far and near caress'd me,
Till, woe is me,
So lubberly,
The press gang came and press'd me!
How could I all these pleasures leave?
How with my wherry part?
I never so took on to grieve,
I wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gave the word,
To foreign parts to go,
I ru'd the moment I was born,
That ever I should thus be torn,
From my Poll, and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
 While on the billows rolling;
 And night or day,
 Could find my way,
 Blind-fold, to the main-top bowling;
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quickfands and gales of wind,
 I brav'd in hopes to taste again,
 The joys I left behind.

In climes afar
 The hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
 In hopes these perils to relate,
 As by my tide attentive fate,
 My Poll, and my partner Joe,

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
 To give peace to the nation;
 And honest hearts,
 From foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation,
 Like lightning—for I felt new life,
 Now safe from all alarms—
 I rush'd, and found my friend and wife,
 Lock'd in other's arms.

Yet fancy not
 I bore my lot
 Tame, like a lubber;—No;
 For, seeing I was fairly trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
 My Poll, and my partner Joe.

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BLYTHE WAS SHE.

BY Oughtertyre grows the sike,

On Yarrow's banks the birken shaw;

But Phemie was a bonnier lass,

Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,

Blythe was she butt and ben;

Blythe by the banks of Ern,

And blythe in glenturit glen.

Her looks were like a flower in May,

Her smile was like a summer morn;

She tripped by the banks of Ern,

As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, &c.

Her bonny face, it was as meek

As any lamb upon the lee;

The evening sun was ne'er so sweet

As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trode the dewy green.
 Blythe, &c.

TOWDY ROWDY DOW.

WITH a merry tale
 Serjeants beat the drum,
 Noodles full of ale.
 Village lads they hum;
 Soldiers out go ah,
 Famous get in story,
 If they chance to fall,
 Don't they sleep in glory?
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Lawyers try, when see'd,
 Juries to make pilant,
 If they can't succeed,
 Then they hum their client!

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To perfection come,
Humming all the trade in,
Ladies lovers hum,
Lovers hum the laides
Towdy rowdy dow!

Ha'nt Britannia's sons
Often humm'd Monfeer,
Han't they humm'd the Dons?—
Let their fleets appear—
Strike they must, tho' loth,
(Ships with dollars cramm'd)
If they are not humm'd both,
Then I will be d — d.
Towdy rowdy dow.

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